

THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.

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THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

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THE SUNDAY UNION.

Published every Sunday morning, making a

complete SEVEN-DAY paper.

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For six months, \$1.00

For three months, \$0.50

For one month, \$0.15

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The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at

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Coast.

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The RECORDED UNION, SUNDAY UNION and

Weekend Union are the only papers on the

West, outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

home and general circulation throughout the

State.

The readers of the RECORDED-UNION leaving

the city for the heated term can have the paper

sent to their address for 60 cents per month, postage

prepaid.

As evidence of the growth of the

Western States, the United States census

for 1890 places Illinois third in the rank

of populous States, Ohio retiring to fourth

place. In New York in the decade the

gain in population was 939,529, in Illinois

it was 723,414.

The only three Louisiana Congressmen

in their seats when the anti-lottery bill

came up, voted against the lottery and for

the exclusion of its matter from the mails.

That is a straw indicating what the real

sentiment of the people of Louisiana is on

the lottery question.

The Philadelphia Record says: "The

Democrats are opportunists. They are

wait and looking on at the Re-

publican fight." Not exactly; the Democrats

are obstructionists—they insist that

the Republicans shall legislate, but put

every obstacle possible in the way to prevent

legislation.

GENERAL N. P. BARKS certifies that

when he was Speaker of the House of Rep-

resentatives in 1856, he made precisely the

same ruling made in 1890 by Speaker

Reed as to the actual presence of a

quorum. No one raised any sort of objec-

tion to it. It was deemed sensible, wise,

and necessary. The question of a quorum

being raised, General Barks proceeded

"by eye" to ascertain if there were mem-

bers enough actually present to constitute

a quorum, and if there were he announced

a quorum present; the fact was entered of

record, and business went on as usual.

It is not at all surprising that with the

example set before them by their neighbors

there are negroes to be found in the

South who sell their votes. The Tennessee

certificates of registration must be

presented before voters can cast their ballots.

At a recent election in Chattanooga, says

the Observer, an organ of the colored people,

the negroes sold these certificates to

white men, who thus really bribed the

negro not to vote. The Observer bears witness

to one sale of thirty certificates in the

Fifth District, which changed hands for

the round sum of \$150. But white men

North and South have done worse; they

have sold their ballots, and that the South-

ern negro should imitate such venality

simply proves that he is imitative. It is

well suggested, also, that he is shrewd

enough to know his ballot will either be

refused, or its expression repressed, and

hence he drives an infamous bargain by

surrendering the evidence of his right to

vote.

The Democratic press will not, evi-

dently, cease troubling over the platform

of the Republican State Convention. What

surprises them, is that the Convention

did not express itself upon all and

every one of the topics before the public of

the day. Had the Convention done so, its

platform would have been unnecessarily

long, and have consisted of a lengthy recital

of the well known principles and policy of

the party. It was sufficient that the Con-

vention reaffirmed its allegiance to the

National party, its platform and its policy.

It was sufficient that it spoke in unmis-

A SUMMER GIRL.

Written for the SUNDAY UNION—By Lena I.

"Mamma, dear, I do wish you would go

this season to some new place, where we

won't meet a single soul we know. I am so

sick and tired of always seeing the same

old set that ring the changes on Newport,

Bar Harbor and those old places, as if

there were no other resorts on the globe."

"Where would you care to go, daughter?"

asked Mrs. Ingram, in the fond, in-

dulgent tone she always used to this, her

first-born and only daughter.

"Well, I was reading up Canada lately,

and happened on some articles on New

Brunswick, and really, it must be deli-

cious; those towns and rivers with almost

unpronounceable Indian names. Now, why

could we not summer on the banks of the

Kennebec?"

"Kennebec?" said her mother, as she

listened to her daughter's wish.

"Oh, Ken—er—Ken—er—er," said Kate

slowly, then laughing at her mother's

face.

"My dear, how do you know it is civilized?"

It certainly does not sound that way; quite

likely it is one of those dead-end, quiet

places without any life, and without any

life."

"More ready to be resuscitated for winter

uses," laughed Kate.

"Well, my dear, if you really do want to

go, I think you had better write first to

Sir Leonard, the Governor, and ask him

of our and ask him for particulars."

This was in May, and Kate who wanted

to be there in June, soon had a reply to

the effect that "all N. B. was Miss Kate's

disposal, and Riverside, a charming resort

on the Kennebec, in particular, less

than ten miles from St. John City, was

a calm, cool sylvan retreat for rustication,

vegetation, and a most agreeable and

often went there during the heated term

and would hope to see them, etc."

So it was soon arranged, and Kate and

her mother were en route from Baltimore,

their homes.

Mr. Ingram, Mrs. Ingram and Kate

comprised the family of a wealthy Balti-

more resident that usually summered

abroad. He was a retired lawyer and his

thousands were liberally shared with his

two loved ones on the conditions that

he could go or stay at home as he pleased.

In this case, however, he partially prom-

ised, and to cater to the tastes of his

politics, in which he took a great interest,

were more settled.

Late one evening in July Kate and

her mother, four-thousand miles from their

home, after a quiet, uneventful trip.

Early next morning the robins calling

awoke Kate. She arose and drew up the

blind.

The morning sun was gleaming on the

unruffled waters of the lovely river; trees

that grew on the margin were reflected in

its depths; cloud shadows drifted across it,

darkening and deepening the blue of the

water. The hotel was situated to com-

mand the finest view of the river. A

large, roomy structure, with brick founda-

tion; large airy rooms, with French win-

dows opening out into the garden upstair,

and below opening out on the lawn and

terraced slopes that overlooked the river.

Tennis-courts and an Eiffel-tower fountain

were the modern improvements, and the

flower-beds were brilliant with pink and

geraniums, and pyramids of rose bushes,

now one mass of sweet-scented bloom.

The air was cool, and Kate donned a

brown flannel walking suit, intending to

ride to the new surroundings. Her horse

was waiting in the stable, and she

fast. She left her mother sleeping, and

ran down the broad stairs. The hall door

stood open, and she went down the steps

to the yard, where the groom was waiting

to lead her to the river bank by an ornamental

iron railing.

As she stood there, voices floated up

from below. She glanced down to see two

young men, one tall and slender, the other

small but not untidy, and both busy with

fishing-tackle. Their voices were clear

and distinct as they talked:

"Gid, there was an importation

from Baltimore on the boat last night."

"So?" drawled his companion, too busy

to be anything but brief.

"Yes," said the first speaker, "and I

lowered in the ten-roomed boat, and

had a view of both ladies. One is the

mother, I'm sure. She is pretty—

everlastingly so."

"Who, the mother?" asked Gideon.

"Oh, no; the offspring, the youngster, the

girl."

"Oh, you mean the young lady," said

Gid, as he finished his talk. "One of the

summer girls, I suppose. Like—like—like—

like—like—like—like—like—like—like—like—

like—like—like—like—like—like—like—like—

like—like—like—like—like—like—like—like—

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